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ELIZABETH ROGERS BEACH.

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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Our readers will observe with pleasure two features of the present number. One is a group of selections from Mrs. McAll's note-book, kept in the early days of the Mission. Much of interest in that little note-book was perforce omitted from the memoirs of Dr. McAll. Mrs. McAll has promised to give us a few pages of selections from this valuable little book—not only for this number, but for the remaining numbers of the year.

The second feature of interest is the story of Miss Beach's life in Paris, as told in extracts from her letters to a circle of home friends. The lady to whom these letters were finally confided promises to give us a series of selections from them. As our readers will perceive, she has very ably and judiciously edited these letters, and the series will prove a very precious memorial of one to whom the McAll Mission owes much. The portrait on the cover is that of Miss Beach.

The new hall in the Rue Championnet was opened the end of October, and the work has begun well. It is situated in a needy part and where there is no other Gospel effort. The neighborhood is comparatively a new one, and is a workingman's quarter, being not far from the fortifications. Some of the old attendants of the Rue Des Dames have found their way to the meetings, but fresh ground is being broken, both in the evening meetings and in the schools and mothers' meetings. The medical work has also been opened.

We regret to have to say that M. Séquestra, whom we mentioned in our last number as about to come to help Mr. Greig in the work at Bercy, has been compelled to give up his work almost as soon as commenced. M. Séquestra broke down within a fortnight of his arrival in Paris. This has been a great disappointment to him as well as to Mr. Greig and to the Church at Bercy where more help is so greatly needed.

We would call particular attention to the list of Mission Halls in Paris and its suburbs, which will be found on the last page of each number of the RECORD. It will be kept corrected up to date; so that in future any friend of the Mission who may go abroad, at whatever season of the year, will be able to find here all needed information about the stations she may wish to visit.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE McALL MISSION, 17TH JANUARY, 1897.

A PAGE FROM THE PAST—"THE JOY OF ACTIVE SERVICE."

The espousals in 1871 were not "enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God." The cost had been, however, not altogether counted. This was no "playing at missionary."

The story of those twenty-five years, who is able to tell it as it should be told? She who writes these lines is herself a chronicle for twenty-one and a-half of these—but what of that? There is an inside and an outside to every history, as Dr. Arthur T. Pierson has well said*—"Heroic toils, sanctified by self-sacrifice, defy description;" and, besides, the Besant "*Chapter of things left out*" has always to be reckoned with. To-day we will only stoop to pick up a few from the "unnumbered flowers of heaven upspringing" in the Founder's "pathway," to use his own words.†

Wednesday, 17th July, 1872.—Six months to-day since we began at Belleville. We have had 205 *réunions* now, including the English, and attendances over 16,600. How time goes! How strange to look back upon the beginning! What did we undergo? What did we *not* undergo? That time can never be forgotten by me—so long as I live I shall retain the impression—yet God was with us, and helped us through even to now. Oh! do not leave us now or ever!

Friday, 19th.—Went to Ornano in morning about rent and paid it.

This evening we have had the most splendid meeting we have ever had at Ménilmontant, and that is saying much. It was intensely hot. Both the doors were open, and there could not have been less than 130 persons within hearing. The doorway was thronged, outside too, and so many *blouses*! Delighted to see two of them come up to the very front chairs. We made room for them in telling a child to move. One wore a dirty, white blouse, and looked, poor fellow, rather forlorn and wild. At any rate, I shook hands with him, and he seemed very nice! I thought he wiped his eyes as he went away. Mr. McAll's paper had been well one to impress them—"La Religion du Travail"—a favorite phrase with them nowadays. He was well listened to. Mr. G. read "Les Faneurs"; Mr. Hart a tract. I think I never heard the singing go so well as in "Vive le Nom de Jésus-Christ." It is wonderful how the people have taken it up * * * to hear such strains ascending here! God be thanked for it, and for telling us to do it!

* When writing a preface for the Life published by the Religious Tract Society.

† "Robert Whitaker McAll, the Founder of the McAll Mission in France: A Fragment and a Souvenir."—The Religious Tract Society.

I must mention what occurred to Mr. McAll on coming down the Chaussée de Ménilmontant this evening. He went by himself and he heard two great *gamins* cry out loud after him: "Voici Jésus-Christ; Voici Jésus-Christ!" ("There is Jesus Christ; There is Jesus Christ!") A recognition of our work, indeed, though far enough from the sense intended.

This recalls what would otherwise have escaped this chronicle, and which happened some months ago at Belleville. It was about the tea-time of our little band that a man passing said to the Bible-woman: "You show Jesus Christ here, don't you?" "Well, yes," she replied, "We do show him in a sense." "Ah! well, I shall bring a friend of mine who is a photographer to take His likeness."

Friday, 27th September.—Good meeting, 110. Mr. McAll gave his paper on Mr. Thorpe being saved from incredulity by the falling of a leaf. Very good. There was a black man who was much pleased to be spoken to, and a policeman who came to Mr. McAll and told him he wished to know how he and his family could be educated in his (R.'s) religion; because "he liked it very much!" We have now 123 chairs at Ménilmontant.

Again on Sunday, the 29th, *very* nice. A great number of men. Very attentive. Mr. McAll's motto was "*I seek not yours but you.*" Well listened to. Belleville was very good, notwithstanding the rain; men very attentive. R.'s sermon was on "The return of the Prodigal Son."

One point only—the warm welcome the Father gave the wanderer. A sermonette, and well listened to. The presence and attention of the men (of just the kind, too, we want) was most interesting.

At Ménilmontant so pleased to see the poor man who came in first through the solicitation of his little boy, and who went to sleep and *snored!* He came up in a nice black coat with a muffler, and asked for a book to read—"the evenings were so long."

Sunday, 3d November.—Rose early in the morning to take a note to the Bible-woman for Mr. Joseph Alexander, asking him to go to Charoune as Mr. Noel could not. It was a windy, bright morning after the stormy day, and the sun shone charmingly between seven and eight o'clock upon the Butte Montmartre, just gilding a portion of the dome of the Invalides. We see it all so well from these heights.

Very good day. Excellent attention. At Ornano the text was "*L'aiguillon de la mort c'est le péché.*" Mr. McAll referred to the presence there some three weeks ago of M. Rouilly's friend—since dead. There were some very respectable *ouvriers* who listened with the deepest attention, one especially whose face spoke. * * *

Must be up in the morning for Mr. McAll means to paper the drawing-

room of the new house. The poor, paralyzed man from Marseilles has turned up again. He has brought R. a spectacle-case as a present.

Monday.—A busy day at house. R. papering. I running to and fro carrying a number of things. Good meeting in evening at Ornano, 135. * * * M. Dormoy spoke, taking up the stanza in Mr. McAll's hymn :

" Et le guide du pèlerin,
La lune, courant sa carrirée."

M. Théo. Monod also spoke. Our impression is that the thing is getting up a little. They had, perhaps, too much speechifying, too little music, etc., during our absence.

Wednesday, 6th November.—A good meeting at Belleville. I had distributed programmes in the morning, which were exceedingly well received. I gave nearly all to men, who were very polite and respectful, and the Bible-woman gave again in the evening. I believe a good may come at night in consequence. Mr. McAll, Mr. George, M. Rouilly and myself took part. Afterwards hurried away to the Rue Clavel, and stayed there until a quarter to twelve—R. papering, M. and Mme Rouilly helping us.

On the 6th June, 1895, Madame Fisch, the dear companion of that first and lion-hearted friend, Dr. Georges Fisch, said to the writer, as follows: "*Un ouvrier disait : C'est depuis que j'ai vu la figure de M. MacAll et son expression si pleine d'amour que j'ai compris que DIEU m'aimait.*"

May, 1895.—After climbing many flights of stairs, I found a small, weakly old woman, who, when strength allowed, had never been known to miss the Sunday and Wednesday meetings at Rue Royale. It was under the roof, and a very hot day, but she had flowers blooming there outside. After a little, she opened a box, and drawing out a tiny, withered spray, she said: "*Il me les a données de sa main—et elles iront avec moi dans ma tombe.*"

(On our first evening visit to the Rue Royale after the coming in of the New Year, Mr. McAll used to have a bouquet prepared, and from it he would offer a tiny spray to each person present as they went out.)

Dear old friend! Your tender thought is exquisitely touching.

The Founder has not tarried to hear the silver chimes of to-day—yet there is a company gathered up *yonder*. Their music is better than ours, and it says to us in its sweet, soft *ritournelle*,

" Joy, joy,"
Yea,
" Joy unspeakable."

E. S. McALL.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

“The McAll Mission again! Well, I cannot give to it this year. Of course, it is worthy, but I must draw the the line somewhere! It is money, “money all the time,” and a dainty note is penned, expressing a hearty God-speed to every effort for the upbuilding of the dear Master’s kingdom, and regret that the numberless calls, make it impossible to give even a dollar this year. “The times are so hard, you know!” It matters not that the hand that penned the note (which to the burden-bearers will seem a knell) is brilliant with jewels (all gifts it may be); the writer clothed in rich materials, and the note written in an environment of sumptuous furniture, tasteful bric-a-brac, and costly pictures, a delight to the soul.

This is not a philippic against the good things of this world. “All things are yours,” says the Book, and God-given taste, perception and feeling is not deliberately starved without proportionate injury. Alas! too carefully nurtured, they may degenerate into simple selfishness. Yes! it is money, money, all the time, in family, household and personal expenses, as well as outside demands. Any one disposed to give, with a door conscientiously open, even if only upon a crack, is at times bewildered by the multitude of demands. First, there is one’s church where work is so organized that there is little danger of unwise giving. Then there are the local charities, hospitals, homes, etc., in which, in some unguarded moment, the Christlike spirit involved our hearts; then the Mission fields, which after being heard from, the responsive nature feels “Oh! I *must* do something for them!” Then the poor, who are always with us, and, lastly (who does not know it?), there are the poor relations the hardest of all to satisfy! Yes! it is money, money all the time, and liberal givers have need of wisdom from on high lest they pauperize, and a holy discrimination lest their gifts fail of lasting benefit. There are objects and objects clamoring for recognition—literally seeking to devour. Why! only the other day we were told by a lady in Philadelphia that she was actually called upon and asked to contribute to the relief of a genteel family that had been living beyond its income, and the name and connections could not be given lest it should become known. One must say “no” sometimes, and a healthful, intelligent “no” may frequently do good. One cannot but feel, in the great avalanche of calls and demands, a preference to contribute to that which, absorbing the minimum of expense, gives the maximum of results. Just here, one who has seen much of the McAll work would like to draw attention to its equipment and management. Oh! if our people could only see the “Salles”! Even in Paris they are plain and unfurnished, scarcely short of bareness, while in the provinces the interiors are so poor and mean the writer wondered how they could offset the attractions of surrounding places,

and fairly tingled with the desire, Old Mortality like, to make the entire circuit and "fix them up." Usually the "Salle" is an irregular, ill-shaped room, made of two. The whitewashed walls would be utterly bare, but for a few gaudy prints of scriptural scenes or, perchance, some cheap illuminated texts. Chairs, a desk and a melodeon, and that is all? He often wondered, too, how long would the managers of our average mission or Sunday school put up with such unattractive and commonplace surroundings? Perhaps you think they do not care for them? Yes they do, for it is a company of refined, sensitive men and women who go from place to place in volunteer or paid service. No better evidence is needed that a dollar goes as far as it can. Some may feel the people do not need better surroundings. They show by their attendance that they do not, in one sense, *require* them, but a people more instinctively sensitive to the beautiful than the French is not to be found. Would that our people could come in contact with the president, officers and workers and their families, see their plainness of dress and the perfect simplicity of their homes!

For missionaries in distant lands to live without the refinements and ordinary luxuries of life, is not wonderful, for they are so far from the market, but for cultured and educated people to live in Paris, where even a walk along the streets is enough to bring into warm, pulsing life the sense of the beautiful in any one's nature, in a plainness of style hardly to be seen in our country save in distant or frontier villages, evidences a love for the Master and His work which it should be *our* joy to so sustain as to bring forth an abundant harvest. Mr. Greig is no ordinary man in charge of a mission any one could take. He is a refined and educated man, worth and able to command his price anywhere, which is far above his present compensation. It is no violation of hospitality to say, both in his extremely small and modest Paris apartment and in a little tumbled-down house in the country, secured for a few months for a song, not a dollar is spent for many a thing we consider a necessity in our homes. He has not only the spiritual oversight of the entire work, but the financial also, and in addition presides at a remarkable Sunday school, and preaches at the Bercy church. All this must show that gifts to the McAll Mission can never be reduced by waste or needless handling. Time and space alone prevent other arguments. Personal observation makes us commend warmly to every one's generosity this Mission, which is quietly doing so much as an Evangel toward preparing for the glad day when France shall be in the best sense a Christian and God-fearing nation. He that *giveth* lendeth to the Lord. As Dean Swift tritely said; "If you like the security, down with the dust."

W. B. L.

LETTERS OF ELIZABETH ROGERS BEACH.

It was Saturday afternoon, May 19, 1877, when Miss Beach and a young friend took passage on the steamer *Anchoria* for Glasgow, intending to spend a few weeks in Scotland and England, then to proceed to Paris and possibly, later, to some German city.

Her letters written during this absence from home were for a small circle of relatives, who were requested not to make use of them save for their own private reading, as they were written usually in haste, often after a long day of sightseeing, or, finally, of mission work. When this mission work began the request for privacy was sometimes disregarded to the extent of giving their contents to ladies' prayer meetings and missionary societies.

To the interest thus awakened in Dr. McAll's work is due the formation of at least one auxiliary of the American McAll Association.

If the publication of extracts from her letters will in any way assist the work she so loved, and in whose behalf she conquered her intense dislike of speaking before an audience, we are sure her consent would be readily given.

In writing, Miss Beach had ever in her view the children of the households where her letters were to be read. Her accounts of places she visited have therefore a minuteness of detail, a clearness and precision of statement which make them very interesting to the untraveled reader.

But letters of local description will be omitted in this selection, because foreign travel by Americans is such an every-day experience. Her voyage across the Atlantic was disappointing from the rare tranquillity of Old Ocean. She longed to see its sublime phases.

The long first letter describing her voyage seems less like a traveler's journal than a record of attendance at some conference for Biblical study.

Having risen very early the first morning after leaving New York, she took her Bible and went upstairs. As the sailors were then washing the decks, she took a seat just inside the door. Soon another passenger—Dr. Ormiston, of the Collegiate Church, New York—approached, and, seeing how she was employed, begged her to read aloud, for his eyes were weak and prevented much reading on his part.

She writes: "Of course, I gladly consented, and read the Epistle to the Ephesians, enjoying both the text and the comments, which were plentifully interspersed. Dr. Ormiston says he thinks people make a great mistake in reading only a chapter at a time instead of a whole epistle. After breakfast I read another epistle." The Bible readings were a daily occupation and delight. Others joined them, a gentleman from Australia, a devout Christian, helping Miss Beach in the reading.

Her care for her fellow-passengers of all classes reveals the active side of her piety. The first case which enlisted her sympathy was that of a young orphan girl, who, with a still younger sister, was going to her mother's friends in London.

May 28th.—She writes, apologizing for omitting a day or two in her diary, saying:

“I will tell you how I spent the day, Saturday. Among the steerage passengers is a young woman, only nineteen years old, whose husband died before the birth of her baby, now eight weeks old. She is returning with the little one to friends in London, whom she has not seen for twelve years. She is very poor, and has been dreading very much the trip from Glasgow to London, as she has not enough money to go by cars, and must take passage on a small uncomfortable steamer. In the next room is a woman, the mother of six children, who became insane almost as soon as we started. She is not violent, but takes no interest in her children and no care of them. The youngest children are twins, only a few months old; the poor father was sorely perplexed.

“In this emergency the young widow came forward and offered to nurse the children with her own. This she has nobly done, saving the lives of the babies, and relieving the father's distress. It was suggested that the passengers might express their admiration in some substantial way. Miss Logue and I were chosen to collect the offerings, and several hours were spent in this work. We obtained nearly thirty-six dollars, which the purser changed into English money. This morning a few of us went into the purser's room, the mother and baby were called (the baby is a sweet child, resembling little Sadie J.), and Dr. Ormiston presented our gift, accompanying it with a few words of commendation. The poor girl was so overcome she could hardly speak, yet thanked me with faltering voice, while the baby looked up and smiled so sweetly as if she understood it all. The purser told me at lunch that she came to his room after we had all gone and wept like a child for joy. This one incident would be enough to make the memory of the voyage delightful.

“The second Sabbath at sea was a pleasant and profitable one, and gave me strength and courage for the future. In the afternoon I had a Sabbath-school class of little girls who are very good friends of mine. We spent an hour together very pleasantly talking over the story of Elsha, afterward singing some of the Moody and Sankey hymns.”

After arriving at Blair's Hotel, in Glasgow, and having described the other scenes on landing, she adds: “I saw our young widow with her baby, all ready to start for London, and looking as happy as a queen.”

It is rarely that the American woman abroad sees with such loving all-

absorbing vision those places and objects upon which her eyes rest, as did this enthusiastic student of history. How many have ventured alone to search in the London Record Office for the old "Domesday Book," and turned over, with a feeling akin to reverence, the parchment leaves written 800 years ago in the reign of William the Conqueror, as did Miss Beach. Seeing the intensity of her regard for such things, the custodian (although she had gone there ignorant of the fact that a ticket of admission is required for visitors) not only admitted her, but volunteered to give her the opportunity of examining any record she might like to see.

Can we not see her, in imagination, her pale face glowing, her blue eyes glistening, perhaps tearful, as they rested on what she especially desired to see—the state papers relating to the trial and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

She does not give the date in the letter narrating her entrance into the land for which she was to give her life, but it must have been June 23, 1877. "We landed at about five, and, after a few minutes allowed for dinner, took the train which was waiting at the pier. We decided to stop at Rouen over night. Our baggage went on and we remained for the first time at a real French hotel, very pleasantly situated, just across the street from the Seine. Our windows looked out upon the river, which was beautiful in the moonlight. Between my French and the English of one of the waiters, which was of the same quality, we succeeded very well. We took the nine o'clock train for Paris the next morning, and reached the city about noon." Then follows a humorous account of experience with customs officials, and she records her arrival at "Grand Pension, 6 Rue de Bagneux."

On the first Sunday morning in Paris an English lady heard her inquiring for M. Bersier's church, and kindly gave Miss Beach the necessary directions to reach it. Here for a year she was an eager hearer—at first discouraged that she understood so little, then gradually comprehending all. As the walk was a very long one from her boarding place to the church, and the season very warm, she did not at first attend more than one service. "I walked through the Champs Elysées on my way to church, and a gala day it seemed. There was a balloon ascension; all sorts of games were in progress for the children; a band of music entertained those assembled in a little theatre; a constant stream of carriages rolled through the avenue, and there was absolutely nothing to remind me of the Sabbath till I reached the church. I never felt so deeply my need of help from above to lead a consistent Christian life. I hope you will pray for me, for I do so long to do some good, and I seem so powerless."

Her first quest was for a satisfactory teacher. Time passed, and such an

one had not been found. After one such search she wrote: "I came back to the house feeling utterly at a loss about the next step. At dinner we heard some one inquire in English about a certain steamer." This led to a pleasant acquaintance, and the new-found friend was able to direct Miss Beach to a teacher of long experience, an author and a man of unusual breadth of culture. His residence was a long walk of more than two miles. Without a companion or letter of introduction she set out to find him. Her experience she thus describes: "I had tried the Paris omnibus on Saturday, and firmly resolved never to enter one again till I understood the language *well*. In the first place, the conductor does not speak the purest French, and then they have a queer system called 'correspondences,' by means of which you change from one omnibus to another, and which is about as intelligible to me as Chinese; consequently I took my map, studied out my route, wrote it on a card, lest I should forget the names of so many strange streets, and reached the house without asking a question of anybody."

That she might perfect herself in the language as rapidly as possible, it was her wish to cut herself off entirely from the opportunity to speak or to hear her native language. Hence she went to hear M. Bersier rather than Dr. Hitchcock. But her boarding place was a veritable Babel. At the table were "eight Americans, five or six Danes, a Spaniard, and perhaps some 'Parthians, Medes, etc.,' among the new-comers." After describing, in a letter to her aunt, this polyglot company and the discouragement it occasioned, she adds: "Another thing has made me anxious; my teacher, with whom I am better pleased every day, lives at least two miles from here, and my lesson is at half-past one. I have walked both ways every day, as I felt that I ought not to afford to ride. I have tried to save every cent of expense. During the past week I have begun to feel that I could not keep this up through another month, and yet, of course, I could not give up my lessons." Two days later she writes: "Friday afternoon I felt so badly that I could hardly study; the tears *would* keep coming to my eyes. At last I said to myself, 'This will never do. I cannot see the way, but my heavenly Father can, and I will ask Him to help me.' I kneeled down and laid the case before Him, and asked Him to guide me. I did literally cast my care upon Him, and rose feeling cheerful; the anxiety was all gone. Two days before, I had asked my teacher if he knew of any French family where I could board, entirely away from the English. He said he did not; that it was a very difficult matter to gain admission to cultivated families here, as they were very exclusive."

Saturday, when she went for her lesson, Prof. C. said that Mme C. and himself had discussed her case and would receive her into their own home. "With a trembling heart I asked the price, for I knew it was very high in

that locality." It was stated. "I told him that highly as I should appreciate the advantages of such a home it was impossible for me to pay anything like that price, as I had not only myself to care for but the child of my brother." With great delicacy and generosity on the part of Prof. and Mme C. a satisfactory arrangement was made. Here, beside her sleeping-room, she was given a welcome to the circle in the sitting-room, and free use of Prof. C.'s large library, which saved her much expense for books and papers. Here she greatly enjoyed the conversation of persons highly educated, whose past had been full of adventure, who were keenly alive to the significance of passing events, and it was at a very exciting crisis in modern French politics. To her life in this household reference will again be made.

Meantime, while still at the Rue de Bagneux, she writes of a discovery: "As I walk both ways this consumes considerable time. Last week I observed, as I was coming home, a notice in the Rue Royale of conferences (lectures) every afternoon at three o'clock 'on the Gospels.' I had been diligently searching for lectures in French, as nothing else will help one so much in understanding the language, but could hear of none. Here was just what I wanted, the subject certainly could not be better, the place was convenient, right on my way, the time also was just what I would have chosen. The next day after seeing the notice I stopped at the chapel, which I found was a room neatly fitted up and used by English and French, each having two services there on the Sabbath. These afternoon 'conferences' are for the benefit of passers-by, and very pleasant and informal they are. The pastor, or one of his assistants, reads a chapter, and the reading is followed by remarks. The first day, the fourth chapter of Hebrews was read and my soul was refreshed by the precious words. The speakers also talked in a most *homelike* way of the love of Jesus, and of the rest and peace which come from trust in Him.

"The next day, the eighth of Romans was the theme. The pastor spoke, just as my own dear father has often done, of the glorious truth found in the twenty-eighth verse. As they speak quite slowly I can understand almost all they say, and find it easier every day. I feel that I gain a double benefit from the hour thus spent; I am learning the language and feeding my soul at the same time. The audience is small. I have never seen more than thirty, but they seem interested. I have been glad to see several workingmen come in in their working-dress, and stop a little while. After I had been there several times, the pastor, a venerable-looking man with a very pleasant expression of countenance, spoke to me, saying he hoped I had been interested. I told him I had enjoyed the service very much, and we talked a few minutes, or, I should say he did most of the talking, as I don't display my French before strangers."

In the same letter she mentions the death of a boarder at the *pension* in Rue de Bagneux. "The funeral services were in the parish church at noon. I did not go, but I will tell you what was done here. A part of the arched passageway which leads into the court was draped with white, the drapery extending across the passage as well as down the sides, so that it looked, to one passing on the sidewalk, like a little room. In this curtained space the coffin was placed, covered with white. Directly behind it a large cross made of white satin was fastened to the drapery. On the coffin was laid a crucifix, and on either side burned three large candles. At the foot, near the street, was placed the holy water, which every passer-by was expected to sprinkle on the coffin, then to step in, kneel beside it and offer a prayer for the spirit of the dead. I saw one poor woman stop on her way home from market and go through this ceremony; and I believe everyone does it. A woman sat beside the coffin all the time saying prayers for the repose of the soul. The drapery was all white because the deceased was unmarried—it is black if one has been married."

MARSEILLES.

We have been able to take a small hall with money specially collected for the purpose by Mlle. Deluz in the quarter of le Rouet. There we shall hold the mothers' meetings and Thursday schools, formerly held in the hall on the grand Chemin de Toulon.

A Jewish lady writes to me from Montpellier, where she has gone on business: "The object of the first importance that I have brought with me is my Bible, for without that the time would seem very long to me. Daily, morning and evening, I read from it a passage, and I want to tell you that since the providence of God led me to your meetings, from the first day I have not been the same person. I have found great consolation, and the heart-sorrows that I endured for so long have completely disappeared. I now know that there can be no happiness apart from Jesus Christ."

On the 18th November this dear sister was baptized in the Free Church. It was a time of much blessing, and made a great impression on all present. She is a widow with five children, but none of them came to see their mother baptized.

E. LENOIR.

A little book has lately been published by Mr. Elliot Stock, London, entitled "Little Marie." It is by Miss Brida Walker, and is a tale of the siege of Paris and subsequent months. Miss Walker has brought in the story of the beginning of the McAll Mission, making it the central part of the history in fact. It is clear in its lessons as to the power of the Gospel to reach all hearts and bring life and joy with it. While the story is in the main fiction, there are many facts interwoven with it.

AMERICAN WORK FOR STUDENTS IN PARIS.

From the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* we quote the following account of this important work. Dr. Wood omits to mention that it was he himself who inaugurated the work two years ago, when in Paris occupying Dr. Thurber's pulpit:

"Since the Rev. James D. Paxton resigned his most successful pastorate in the Tenth Presbyterian Church (Philadelphia), where he had so well maintained himself as to be considered a not unworthy successor of such apostolic men as Boardman and Breed, and not very long after accepted an invitation to work among the English-speaking students of the Latin Quarter, Paris, a good many questions have been asked about his new field, some of which I shall try to answer.

"South of the Seine, that bisects the brilliant French metropolis, with the famous University of the Sorbonne as a centre, is the so-called Latin Quarter, where, from the days of Robert Sorbonne, in the thirteenth century, a multitude of students have made their home. It has been the Mecca of scholars of almost every nationality for six hundred years, and the number, at least of foreigners, will probably in the near future be largely increased through the removal, which has just been accomplished, of certain irritating restrictions. Even now it is estimated there are here between three thousand and five thousand English-speaking students, devoting themselves to painting, sculpture, architecture, engineering and literature. For the most part they are graduates of American and English schools and colleges, and many of them are the prize scholars of the institution from which they have come. To lump them all, after they have settled down in Paris to work or play, as may be, by any one general classification is impossible. They are neither 'degenerates' nor 'saints.' They are what college students might be expected to be, freed from even the slight restraints of an American college town.

"Of the influences under which they find themselves it is difficult to say anything very optimistic. The French, as they are found in Paris, are, according to their own assertions, neither the most religious nor the most moral people in the world. Their brilliant victories are not won in the field of practical theology or ethics. A man must fight against the *zeit geist*, the spirit of the time, everywhere, but he must fight a little harder in Paris than in some other places if he is to hold his own. Mr. Paxton goes over to take a hand, a helping hand, in this fight.

"He will find one or two clergymen and a number of laymen already on the ground and doing valiant service, but the particular field of his operations is far from adequately manned. He will use a less formal style of attack than that of the churches, and he will have a better opportunity than any minister in an ecclesiastical connection for hand-to-hand work. His whole time will

be given to the students in their homes, apartments and studios, and every Sunday evening, in a large studio seating about two hundred and fifty, he will have an informal service of the sort that has been proved by the experience of Drs. Newell and Paden best adapted for the purpose.

“ Mr. Paxton has the most hearty co-operation of Dr. Thurber, pastor of the American Church in the Rue de Berri, as well as of the students themselves, who, with pleasant memories of Dr. Paden’s helpful stay with them last winter, have been eagerly looking forward to Mr. Paxton’s coming. It will add greatly to the efficiency of the work if all who have friends among the Latin Quarter students will write them of these Sunday evening gatherings at 18 Impasse du Maine, and at the same time will write Mr. Paxton at 9 Rue des Fourneaux, telling him where their friends can be found, and giving him any other information that would make it easy for him to look them up and interest them. It is hoped and believed that Mr. Paxton’s work this winter will enable those who are interested religiously in the Latin Quarter to see distinctly just what should be done to make it most effective and most lasting.

“ Germantown, Pa.

CHARLES WOOD.”

DRUNKARD AND ANARCHIST AGAIN.

Some of our readers may remember the very impressive story of the poor drunkard and Anarchist Sauvage, of Calais. This poor man was led to Christ at the watch-night service the last day of 1892, and we have just received the following letter from M. Brun, of Calais, giving this sequel to our former account :

CALAIS, 27th November, 1896.—You will be doubtless glad to learn that Sauvage and his wife were reinstated in their civil rights yesterday by the court at Douai. They had the great advantage of being accompanied by Pastor Dumas, of Douai. Contrary to all rules, the judgment being held within closed doors, M. Dumas was allowed to enter the court.

Being there simply as a spectator, the president having desired him to take a seat in an arm-chair, asked him if he knew Sauvage, and if he could speak in his favor. M. Dumas then gave the history of his rescue from drunkenness, and of his conversion to the Lord. The president then spoke to Sauvage strongly on his past misconduct, and the council retired to consider their sentence, when the president announced that, as a special favor and in consideration of the efforts made in their behalf, they were now reinstated.

Sauvage and his wife burst into tears, and M. Dumas heard one of the council say : “ *Cest un brave homme.*” The president expressed his surprise at seeing two whom he had known as poor, half-starved beggars looking so well off and nicely dressed. Thus, Sauvage will soon be able to have his children again.

H. BRUN.

THE MISSION AND TEMPERANCE WORK.

[From *Le Bon Messager*.]

A meeting held last July concerned itself with an important question, namely, the relation of the Mission to the war against alcoholism. While the Mission has always sympathized with the temperance workers, there have been, up to now, two distinct opinions as to the actual stand the organization should take in the matter. It was urged, on the one hand, that the Mission ought not to begin a temperance crusade in its regular places of meeting, unless it was certain that some one could be found afterward to carry on the work actively and practically. Others maintained that the questions should be dealt with in the monthly meetings, whether or not the discussions bore fruit in action. Although many problems suggested themselves in the July meeting, to which no solutions were found, nevertheless certain very definite conclusions were reached, and these are clearly set forth by a correspondent of the *Bon Messager* for December 1st. Of supreme importance is the declaration of principle, which must, of course, precede any actual application of such principle in the work. No one who is engaged in mission work in the suburbs of Paris can fail to realize that, of all the foes of spiritual life, intemperance is the most appalling. Nothing so saps the physical, intellectual and moral vitality. Nothing is so terrible a menace to the individual and the State. It has been estimated that there are in France 445,000 saloons, one to every eighty inhabitants, and the number of these centres of moral contagion is increasing out of all proportion to the increase of population. It is no exaggeration, but a matter of plain statistics, that France consumes more alcohol than any other nation in the world.

In the face of all this, who can say the war against intemperance is not the business of the Mission? As Christians, it behooves the followers of the Saviour to do what can be done to stem the tide of those who go, "eating and drinking," toward the ruin of soul and body. The work is difficult—so difficult that it is impossible to any who fight without the Gospel. For this very reason it becomes the business of Evangelists—of such as are working for the cause of salvation in the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ—to place themselves in the front ranks in the struggle against this mightiest foe of morality and Christian living.

The practical aspect of the problem is not quite so easily dealt with. The Mission is to engage actively in the work of temperance. Well and good! But how is it to proceed? Is it justified in going to work blindly, with no certainty that anything practical be achieved as a result of the opening up of the matter in the meetings? The answer is: Let the temperance work be done in the same spirit of faith as that which inspires the work of Evangelization.

Demand no guaranty of results before going into the combat. Work for temperance; preach it wherever the preaching is needed. And when results appear, seek them out, and organize and band together those who are willing to fight the good fight under the flag of temperance.

Granted that it is fit and proper for the Mission to engage actively in the fight against alcoholism, the following propositions are suggested as a basis for practical work:

1. That the committee inaugurate monthly temperance meetings in all the halls where it is possible.

2. That the committee encourage the formation of temperance chapters of one of the three following types: the Blue Cross, the Anti-alcoholic League or a chapter loosely formed on a religious basis, wherever any one can be found to take charge of it.

3. (a) That the speakers for the temperance meetings be chosen from workers in the Mission who have taken one of the two pledges (total or partial abstinence). (b) That these speakers be invited to consult with the directors of the hall as to the character to be given their meetings. (c) That the committee publish in each number of the *Bon Messenger* an article and news of the temperance work.

MORE ABOUT THE BOAT.

After a time at Fontaine-le-port, we took the boat to Melun, beginning there on the 11th of October. I believe our decision as to our next move was clearly overruled in answer to prayer, for we nearly decided to pass by Melun, and go to Héricy at once. We were, however, guided to go back to Melun first. Had we not done so the meetings would have been stopped by the floods, and the boat would have been in considerable danger. Soon after leaving Fontaine-le-port the river began to rise rapidly, a natural consequence of the continued and heavy rains. During the latter part of October and the beginning of November the Seine became very full. All along its course much damage was done, and boat traffic was entirely stopped for nearly three weeks.

At Melun, a large island, on which stands part of the town as well as a large prison, divides the river into two streams. We moored the *Bon Messenger* in one of these, which is usually shallow and sluggish. But as the waters rose the stream became so strong that we had to leave our anchorage and cross to the other side. The efforts of three men scarcely sufficed to hold her, and the boat narrowly escaped being dashed against the bridge.

The meetings here were not large, averaging about sixty, though there were better attendances two or three times. Those who came seemed thoroughly interested, and the children came out well to their meetings.

We had to wait nearly a week after traffic had been resumed before moving on, so great was the accumulation of boats waiting to be towed. The stream still ran furiously and great labor was involved in towing.

The towing here is chiefly done by a machine, which winds itself along a heavy chain that lies at the bottom of the river. The engines working it are very powerful, but so great was the force of the rushing waters that three times in one day the chain broke. The result was that the string of barges would break loose, and helplessly drift down till secured to the bank. In one of these confusions a barge collided with the pier of a bridge and was stove in. Happily our boat was not there that day.

Héricy is only a few miles above Fontaine-le-port, and some of the people used to attend the meetings at the latter place, and they begged us to come to them when we could.

The work has taken better hold here than we had expected, and with mild and comparatively dry weather we are having good meetings, and much to cheer the workers.

We shall probably move soon to Thorigny, and then to St. Mamnies, where the boat will be in safety if the ice become thick as the cold comes on.

We have thus had a year of work not always easy, nor so full of encouragement as previously. But we believe it has all been wisely ordered, and know that many have heard the Gospel who else would never have had the opportunity to do so. We have scattered much good seed in tracts, gospels and testaments. But we would again impress upon our readers how greatly we need their prayers for this, as for all other branches of the work in France. Much wisdom is needed, and the continual presence of the Lord of the Harvest is the only condition of blessing. What are our plans and efforts, after all, if they are not inspired and directed by the Holy Spirit? We are only blest to others as we receive ourselves the blessing of the Most High. * * *

My visits to the Boat have been brief this year, but impressions have been deepened as to the good work it is doing as it goes up stream, carrying to out-of-the-way villages the good word of the Kingdom. It is a grand witness, stirring up dormant thoughts in many minds, awakening inquiries among Roman Catholics who come to ask questions, and to Protestants buried in remote hamlets *alone*, amid indifference, or religious animosities, it is the harbinger of light, a source of new strength and joy, *a time of visitation and joy*.

As the Master spake his parable of seed and soil from the fishing-boat's deck, so the *Bon Messager* by written and spoken words is scattering along the river's banks the good seed of the Kingdom, which will be found *Bread* after

many days. It is a grand factor towards the consummation of the desire of all true Christians, the evangelization of France.

There was a rough element on the banks at Changis, and a crowded audience within. The police kept the former quiet, and joined the latter, and as I pushed through to catch a train, the police offered their hands, adding, "Merci! merci!" The Rev. George Whelpton told me a lady had opened her house for preaching, and the Wesleyans hope to establish a permanent Mission here. At Corbeil the crowd reminded me of the sights on the Marne and l'Aisne, but the point of interest was the lady at the harmonium, the village schoolmistress, a girl from the Salle Rivoli, who in the Normal School had sold eleven Bibles to her class mates, and now is a Sunday-school teacher. She has been joined by her grandmother, and the last news from them is that the Church membership has been increased by the Boat's stay. So it is a forerunner preparing the way for permanent Missions, and increasing the members in existing churches.

My next visit and longest was at Bois le Roi (King's Wood). I stayed at "The Golden Sun," just ten minutes' walk from the royal forest of Fontainebleau, and twenty minutes from the Seine.

The landlady of the hotel often joined me as I took my café-au-lait on the balcony. She had been a governess in an English family, and liked to chat of the old country, and its Protestant worship. She sent her maids every night to the Boat, and one night closed the hotel so that master and mistress could also attend the service, and seemed sad that she could not follow her religion, for the service was in the morning and Sunday the busiest day of all the seven. In fact, hotel-keeping prevented church going.

Very sad was her testimony of "King's Wood" folks, who had no religion, and even the women had taken to drinking absinthe pure!

Anxious to know the religious conditions of the village, I went on Sunday morning to the church. Carriages and dogcarts drove up from scattered hamlets and nearly one hundred persons were at the morning mass. The worshippers were "la bourgeoisie," and there were six gentlemen in the church, while the sermon was an appeal for money to celebrate a grand festival on Thursday.

"Where are the men?" I asked the beadle. "They don't come, sir!" "And where are the people?" for all present were of the better class. "Oh! our old priest drove them all away, he was here fifty years, sir. And the new priest is 'un brave homme.' *No seeker*, sir. He leaves the people to follow their bent." This is the state of Catholic villages in the north, and, alas, of many Protestant villages in the south, the men cease to attend public worship. Is it not additional reason for our Mission Boat?

Twenty minutes from *The Golden Sun*, across the bridge that spans the river, there lay the *Bon Messenger*. How pretty she looked from the high bridge as she nestled like Moses' ark in a broad fringe of tall flowering rushes, her flags fluttering in the breeze. At night, with her colored windows lit up and the image reflected in the placid water like a mass of gold, she seemed like a fairy church beneath the water. No wonder people stopped to admire, and to wonder at the "Floating Protestant Temple."

From the high bank, M. Huet had constructed a ladder, narrow and rustic; the hand-rails were made from the boat-hooks, and the whole was made of the boat's gear.

The meetings were not so large as at Corbeil, but each night brought a fresh group from some hamlet. They came in batches with lanterns to help them pick their way through the dark lanes. The mayor was especially interested, and made inquiries, sending fruit from his garden as a mark of interest.

I often wandered with gospels to the hamlets near and visited a class to whom our boat is as a messenger from heaven,—Protestant women married to Catholics, and who are faithful to their faith. One said: "Oh, sir, one needs to be firm in the faith, to hold fast and resist the impiety of village life." At Bouilée and at Héricy I saw these women who go six or seven kilometres to church at Fontainebleau, and whose children are baptized Protestants. In each case the husbands attended our services, and we had the grasp of their loving hands.

On Monday I was up in good time, my week services over, and I hurried to town, to go off to a tiny hamlet in Brittany. There were three families in villedgiature, to whom I was introduced as a Protestant pastor, and they told me a strange story of a ship (the *Herald of Mercy*, belonging to the Portsmouth Mission, established by the late Mr. Henry Cook) that came to Cherbourg, where meetings were held and such good words were spoken. Another lady told me of a little ship that came to Lagny, so "coquet," so beautiful, it cost a lot of money to build, and how they enjoyed the services. So the boat is known in a remote hamlet in Brittany, and its good words remembered by Catholic ladies who would fear to enter a Protestant Church. Cherbourg brought back a pleasant souvenir, where I heard a ship officer say: "There goes the Englishman who says mass in French," and where a superior officer came to the meeting, and at the close said: "Oh! thank you so much for the good words you have brought to Cherbourg." These thanks we gather and now send them to our friends who supply the funds.

“WHAT BECOMES OF THOSE WHO ARE CONVERTED IN THE McALL MISSION HALLS?”

[From the Paris *Quarterly*.]

This question is frequently asked, and we answer it by giving an account of some of those who have been lately received in Paris into the Churches. It is by no means an exhaustive list. We have only taken four or five halls as an illustration of what is continually going on amongst us, thank God.

Mme. Pleysier writes as follows: “On Easter Sunday I went down to the Salle Rivoli, and saw such a pretty sight. There were nine women waiting for me to conduct them to their first communion service. All were neatly dressed, and were very serious, fully aware of the solemn step they were about to take. As I shook hands with them, and remembered that six of them belonged to my class in the Adult Sunday school, I was deeply moved. These dear women were old attendants at the meetings, and had long broken off all connection with the Church in which they had been brought up, and to-day they sought a home in the Protestant Church.

“We walked silently, a little procession, to the Hotel de Ville, turning up the Rue des Archives to the Lutheran Church des Billettes, and as we were early we took our seats together near to the pulpit, as desired by the pastor. The beadle came and asked us to take a back seat, as he had detected that they were poor woman, but I simply said, ‘*Non, Monsieur, j’y suis, j’y reste.*’” So that day nine new members were welcomed by the Church, as fruits of the McAll Mission in that quarter.

As Miss — was stepping towards the harmonium, she said to me, “I wish to speak to you before the tea,” and as we stayed behind after the school was over, she said, “I went to see Mme R., and though I long knew she had been growing in grace, and found her with her Bible open before her, and a long list of questions she had written out for me to answer. At the beginning of the season I spoke to her about joining a Church, she said, “Oh, Mademoiselle, oh never, I am a Catholic, and the Salle Rivoli is Church enough for me.” So I saw that there was nothing to do but to wait quietly. But now she desires to join a Church and take the communion. We prayed together, and it was so good to hear her pray for her kind, patient teacher, Miss J., now in America, and ask for further light, thanking God for all the help she gets in the Salle Rivoli. M. and Mme R. told me that they had once entered the Salle at Ménilmontant, making the sign of the Cross as they went in; but they suddenly felt sad, they felt that “*La Conférence*” had deceived them, it was Protestant error, so they hastened out as quickly as possible. But now they both desired to cast in their lot with us; so after conversation to explain further to them the points of difference, we knelt and prayed. Mme R. prayed

most intelligently, while the husband repeated the Lord's prayer. The wife is more advanced than he is. So now they are joining Pastor Couve's flock, and place themselves under his wise and sympathetic care.

A very interesting visit was paid to Mme L., who has left the neighborhood, but who received much blessing from the Adult School at the Salle Rivoli. She is intellectually convinced of the truths of redemption, so simply taught in our meetings, and has completely broken with old superstitions, reading her Bible regularly, and praying for more light. Commending this intellectual convert to a lady-worker in that far-off quartier, she kindly took her under her care, and I received this piece of news not long since.

"I have seen Mme L. She is converted to Mr. Brown, but not to the Lord Jesus; but I will continue to visit her." Later on we have this: "I have seen her and her husband since, and her words were, 'I want now to join the Protestant Church. My mother has some difficulties, but is attending M. Monod's ministry, and thinks of becoming a communicant.'"

Thus, since Easter Sunday, two more names have been recorded on the books of the Church on earth, and may we not believe that they are written in the "Book of Life." S. R. B.

MISSION NOTES.

"Happy people have no histories," they told me at Salle Monge, where I enjoyed an afternoon with the mothers. Twenty-five women had been busily knitting, while an interesting story was read for an hour, when Pasteur Mouron came in. Formerly M. Mouron was charged with the religious instruction of the women of this *locale*, but this visit was especially delightful to them, as he had not been able to be with them for a long time. Their pleasure shone in their faces as he came in. In his familiar manner he talked to them of the Easter joy, begging each one to try to arrange to have a little time to herself on Sundays. A visitor brought a box of biscuits, which were passed about. One sweet-faced little woman put hers carefully aside with a piece of pink sugar. As she left before the close, I think in some neighboring *mansard* a little one must have been waiting her return.

It is a great deal for these busy women to give two hours to their meeting each week, and a good many were absent, I was told.

Pasteur Couve's Bible-woman visits among those who are Protestants. She felt that we must not expect to see the direct results of the work, but, knowing it to be the Lord's work, we must do faithfully our part.

In one of our halls, recently, a hymn book was found, on whose fly leaf a man had written above his signature: "This book, after having been stolen,

is returned, for God touched my heart, leaving me no peace until I had returned it."

How much that we may not know is accomplished in these reunions! Certainly to come into such an atmosphere of kindness and loving interest as one feels exists in Salle Monge, must be fruitful of much good.

At the Rue National, Gare d'Ivry, on Wednesday, about seventy women had gathered.

This meeting is exceedingly interesting. It is under the direction of two young women who are studying to become evangelists in Madame Dalencourt's school of the Rue Montan Duvernet.

Mademoiselle Sousan is a most charming and earnest young woman. Her manner toward these poor women is very lovely. During the first hour, while the women knit, those who have savings to deposit are registered, then the library books are exchanged.

With the hymn the women put away their work and the Gospel of Luke is distributed, which they are studying this season.

Often Mademoiselle Lorriaux, daughter of Pastor Lorriaux, so well known in America, comes to talk with them.

Their little savings, put aside for them, are often given back in the form of groceries when they are in need.

Mademoiselle Sousan tells me that one of the results of their work is the number of marriages of women who have lived hitherto a sort of community life. These poor woman are very happy to be married. They express it in this way: "Maintenant on ne pent plus rien me dire." (Now no one can say anything.)

A beautiful character is the rag-picker who comes regularly to the meeting. She lives all alone and depends on what she picks up, at the *Halles Centrales* (Central Market), for her food and fuel. Each morning she goes at four o'clock. At home her vegetables are carefully ranged in tin boxes, and her little room is most orderly in spite of the fact that she sorts her rags there.

Mademoiselle Sousan says she is always sunny; that she has never asked to be helped in any way, but is always grateful to God for all she has, and for His goodness to her.

The dispensary has been well attended this spring, as has also that of Grenelle. There has been much sickness after the mild winter. A few weeks since, when I was at Grenelle, there were over eighty patients waiting to see the doctor. Many of these were little children.

Here at Salle Dodds a number of women meet on Monday afternoons to sew for the poorer women of the salle.

Thursday mornings, a group of little girls are given lessons in sewing, as

a reward for regular attendance and good attention in the Sunday and Thursday schools. They meet at the house of Pastor Escande, and pass a very happy hour, with Madame Escande, who is most devoted. They sing some bright rounds very prettily. While they sew, Madame Escande reads aloud. In this way she comes to know well these young girls who later go into Miss Johnstone's class. Two have been placed where they will be under good influences. Recently a young woman who, some years ago, belonged to the school, returned to the salle, and told of her desire to leave the sister with whom she had been living, as this sister was not living in honest conditions. She was helped to secure a good home in a Protestant family. She has become a most sincere Christian.

Most unhappily she has been taken ill, and consumption has developed. Pastor Escande visits her in the hospital and hopes to be able to place her where she will have special treatment.

Under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Benham, Salle Brooklyn at La Villette has progressed very visibly. At the mothers' meeting about twenty bring their work, and sew or knit for an hour and a half while a story is read aloud. Just now they are reading a translation of "Tip and his Lamp."

Before the Bible lessons, a cup of chocolate is served. There is a pleasant spirit of sociability in this little meeting, and the women enjoy reading in turn. When Mrs. Benham spoke to them of faithfulness to small duties, one earnest-faced woman repeated after her each word in a whisper.

Pantin is also doing well in all its various activities, but the young girls' class is especially successful. Two years ago Mademoiselle Aleric, the Bible reader at Salle Rivoli, took charge of this class during the vacation of Miss Low. A few weeks ago she visited them. Working for the most part in factories, they were at first so wild and thoughtless that it was discouraging to try to teach them. The change is most remarkable. They have formed a little circle of Christian Endeavor.

One of these young girls told of her disappointment that her tracts, which had met with an agreeable reception, had, later, been thrown among the rubbish.

At a meeting Mr. Kissel, of Lorient, told of a wonderful temperance work in Bretagne which has grown out of the *Salles* McAll.

In many ways the influence of the Mission widens.

SAVED WHILE SEEKING HIS DEATH.

[From *Le Litoral Evangélique.*]

We have just been following his remains to their last resting-place. "He was a good man," was the remark made by more than one around us. He had been a policeman in his younger days; then late in life he had to learn a trade, and so became a cobbler.

He was settled in the poorest part of the town, in an underground lodging, damp and lighted only by the doorway. At the back of this poor room was his bed, and by the door his little cobbler's stall. Alas! work was not plentiful; he made but little, only a few pence a day—just enough to keep body and soul together; and when rent day came round he was always behind, but the landlord was patient. It was a life of misery, and what made it still more sombre was that he was absolutely alone. He had neither relatives nor friends; he was alone with his wretchedness and with his evil heart.

He felt he must put an end to his dreary existence. One night, when haunted by the thought of suicide, unable to sleep, he rose from his bed, and having burned some objectionable pictures and books that had been his enjoyment formerly, but at which now he felt only disgust, he locked up his room and went to the seashore. As he put his foot on a rock, he saw a piece of paper. It was a leaf of a prayer book. He picked it up and read the words, "Thou shalt do no murder." That was all; but those few words turned him from his sinful purpose. He saw the finger of God in that incident, and that God forbade him to take his life. Slowly he returned to his cellar, and began to think over his past life. He then found his way to the Mission Hall, and the grace of God found him, and he became truly converted.

His temporal circumstances were not changed, he was always in the same deep poverty, but he had found what he had so sorely needed. He had now hope and courage, for he had the prospect of eternal life before him.

Sometimes he was in much discouragement, but he heard the voice of his Saviour saying to him, "Forward, weary pilgrim, forward, in the narrow path; lean on Me and I will be with thee to the end. It is by much tribulation that thou shalt enter My kingdom."

Later he became a member of a little church, and there he found sympathy and help. He would receive the visit of friends, one bringing him a warm garment or a hot meal, to cheer him in his loneliness.

One evening, on leaving the Mission Hall, he took cold. "I am not well," he said the next day. We got him into the hospital, but he came out too quickly, to give his place to some one more ill than himself. The last time I saw him he lay on his poor bed, dressed, and with only an old piece of

carpet to cover him. He was peaceful and almost smiling. We spoke of the sorrows of this life and of the joys of the eternal life, so near to him now. We prayed together, and he said, as we parted, "Death will be for me truly a messenger bringing good tidings. I await it gladly."

A few days after his pastor visited him and found the door closed. He had the door opened, and the poor old man was found lying dead. He had passed away alone, and yet not alone, for the Saviour was with him as he entered the valley of the shadow of death.

E. MANARI.

ONLY A POOR CHIFFONNIER.

That was all. Only a poor young rag-picker was George D. Where he came from, or who his parents were, we do not know. He had a sister and brother living somewhere, but he saw little or nothing of them. He worked for a chiffonnier, who received the contents of the baskets of those who picked up the street refuse nightly, and then had it all sorted and disposed of. George worked thus at sorting, and did not perambulate the streets. He lived in the house of his employer, who was kind to him and treated him well. One of the daughters of this family, Mlle M., is an attendant at our hall at Montreuil-sur-Bois; she had been in the Sunday school there, and had been truly converted. Now she is a member of the little Young Women's Christian Association and of the Christian Endeavor Society of the station. George asked if he could attend the meetings, and he received a warm welcome. Soon he became interested in all he heard, and it was evident that a work of grace was begun in his soul. Although he worked very hard, being obliged to rise at three or four o'clock to be at his unwholesome occupation, he was always at the meetings, not reaching home often till as late as ten o'clock.

Last June he and Mlle M. were both received as members of the church at Vincennes. He was also enrolled as teacher in the Mission Sunday school and as member of the Christian Endeavor Society. But his life was not to be prolonged, and his Lord had other service in store for him. Early in the year he fell ill, and was taken to the Home of Rest at Neuilly-sur-Seine, which is under the direction of the Deaconesses of Bercy. Here he found rest and loving care, and here he spent the last few weeks of his short life, falling asleep in March, aged barely twenty years. Years of privation had told upon his weak body, and he died of heart disease.

He was a silent lad, but very true, fond of studying his Bible and preparing himself, to the best of his ability, for his Sunday class and Christian Endeavor meetings. He will be missed by the little group at Montreuil.

"He taketh up the poor from the dust, to set him among the princes."

A MURDERER, AND ONLY TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

By PASTOR FARJAT, OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Alexandre Vanhamme lost his mother when six years old. Abandoned by his father, he grew up without any education, either moral or religious. He asked me to visit him when in prison, because he had a vague idea that his father was Protestant, and he had heard me spoken of as a Protestant pastor.

He himself not only professed no religion, but he had not the most elementary knowledge of Christianity. When I discovered this, I was greatly troubled. How could I, in a few days or weeks, bring this poor, dark soul to the light of the Gospel? Well, God glorified Himself in man's utter weakness; that which seemed to me impossible, He brought to pass. Oh, my poor Vanhamme did not learn very much; he would have been quite unable to answer all the questions of the most simple catechism; but he learned "the one thing needful" to learn, and he received pardon, peace and the promise of eternal life for his dead soul.

He had never heard before of the love of God; he had never heard before of a Saviour; but from the very first day I felt that God had opened his heart. It was truly opened, and this heart was not so perverse as one might have supposed. It was a simple, open heart, capable of better feelings, and only lacking the atmosphere of a Christian education to receive the truth.

I cannot here go into details. The five weeks during which I knew him count among the saddest and yet the sweetest of my life. In that condemned cell, where we were shut in together, God accomplished great things. It seemed to me as a very Calvary, and yet this Calvary changed to Tabor. It was thus the 31st of December, the day when my poor dear Vanhamme was baptized, and also the day before his execution, when he partook of the Lord's supper, at his own request, though he did not then know that he was within a few hours only of his end.

When, the following morning, the two condemned prisoners were told that their appeal for a commutation of their sentence had been rejected, Vanhamme said not a word of complaint, and made no resistance. He was ready. The prison authorities were afraid that at that moment there would be a dangerous outburst, as he was an unusually strong young fellow, and they insisted that the warders should be present with me when I broke the news to him of his speedy death. But I assured them that there was nothing to fear, and I was left alone with him. And for a quarter of an hour, our hands clasped together, we prayed and talked together as two brothers, not, indeed, without deep emotion, but without agitation, realizing the presence of God and the nearness of heaven.

“The last verse of the Gospel that I read last evening,” said my poor friend, “was ‘Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the life of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.’”

And nothing did separate him. Without resistance, and without bravado, he let himself be bound, and he walked to meet death. On the way he said to me, “I know that God has pardoned me, and that I am going to him.” Before the scaffold I embraced him, wishing him a last farewell. He said to me simply, “Au revoir, au revoir.”

And thus he left the world, *the day of his twenty-first birthday*, poor child! The crowd applauded his death as that of a simple criminal, but I heard the voice saying, “To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise.”

[This poor young man was condemned, with an accomplice, for the murder of an old man, and he was executed at Melun in the month of January last.]

HERE AND THERE.

CANNES AND GRASSE.

Owing to the generosity of an unknown friend, M. Piguet, who has been for six years in Corsica, and who had to leave there on account of overtaxed strength, is now living at Grasse, and proving a most useful helper to Mr. Webber in the work at Cannes and Grasse and the neighborhood.

CORSICA.

M. Rombeau gives good tidings of the work in Ajaccio. He has good meetings, and many seem really interested in the Gospel. He and Mme Rombeau have begun a Thursday school for the children, and Mme Rombeau has also started a sewing class for the girls. Then on Tuesday evenings they open the hall as a reading-room for lads and young men, and are already encouraged by having from fifteen to twenty present. M. Rombeau has many pressing invitations to go to the villages and continue the work begun in them by M. Piguet, but at present he finds that the work in the town fully occupies him. He hopes later on to take up the village work.

NICE.

M. Biau has changed the hall used for the soldiers' work for one better situated, and he has also got into a more suitable one at the village of Cagnes, not before a change was greatly needed.

NANTES.

Our field of activity keeps widening, and we are filled with thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the work he gives us to do. Many new faces have been seen at the meetings of late. Week by week there is a larger number of people who are glad to come to them regularly. These meetings are composed entirely of families of poor laborers, who are sometimes out of work and are, consequently, in circumstances of want; thanks to the generosity of one of our friends we are able in some degree to help them over these difficult places. Some of the people, owing to badly-paid work, live in terrible poverty, and bear their privations with wonderful fortitude.

The mother of a family said to me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world: "I can easily manage with one meal a day, but my poor husband and sons cannot. This morning I divided among them the last bit of bread that remained. The father has gone to make a final effort to find some work. The boys are still learning their trade." It is hard to realize that on the threshold of the twentieth century there are people in France who are willing to work and who, yet, must starve to death! But, alas! it is true for all that. We wish we could help them more, these poor unfortunates, these honest toilers, who are thus mercilessly left without work for the sole reason that they are no longer twenty years old!

We report progress also in the spiritual life of a few who, in their turn, are striving to lead others to a knowledge of the Saviour. "Nothing," said a woman to me, "gives my husband so much pleasure now as the meetings; he would not miss one for anything in the world. We no longer go with him to the country on Sunday. He says: 'Since we can't get back in time for the meeting, I would rather stay at home,' and he has done this with the utmost delight for several years."

In a few days we shall have the pleasure of opening our new hall, which will hold 200 people. Our present meeting place, by God's blessing, is getting to be too small. We have plenty to do, and are praying that God will make good workmen of us.

E. LEUBA.

Lord Radstock gave a fortnight in October to the work in Paris, and his meetings for the workers, as well as for the people in the halls, were much appreciated. In November, a series of profitable meetings was held by the Révs. F. Paynter, H. Houghton, and J. J. Luce. They were, of course, in English, and so only reached a limited number. But their visit was a time of blessing and refreshment to many. In the afternoons the gatherings were in the Mission Hall, Rue Royale, and in the evening at the Wesleyan Church.

CLAMECY.

You have doubtless been told of our inundation at Clamecy, but you probably do not know that our house was one of those that, on account of their situation, were the most exposed. For nearly eighteen hours it was impossible to bring us any aid, on account of the violence of the flood.

We should not have suffered much damage if the door of our room had not yielded under the weight and the impetus of the water, which rose nearly four feet in fourteen hours. A torrent poured into the room, rushing with terrible force, flowing, on one side, through a partition broken by the shock, and on the other through a window which had been shattered in the same way.

Our wood, all our provisions, and various articles of furniture stored in a shed outside of the hall, became the prey of the river. Some things were nearly destroyed; others were carried away altogether. Still, this loss would have been trifling if our poor books of service had been spared—hymn books and others, with the harmonium. But, alas, the books are lost altogether, and the interior of the instrument is so badly damaged that I do not know what we shall do with it. My youngest son is trying to dry it, hoping to be able to put it together again, but I am afraid he will not succeed.

As for ourselves, our quarters were in the second story, so we were safe, although our situation was not the pleasantest. I had been feeling rather ill; the doctor had left the house only the evening before, and there was at that time no hint that in a few hours we should be victims of such an inundation as, they tell me, has not been seen at Clamecy since 1846.

We passed through some hours which we can never forget. To see oneself hemmed in between two majestic, rushing streams, that threaten to break their bounds and carry away everything in their furious current—that is to be reminded with overwhelming impressiveness of the power and grandeur of Him who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand; and at the same time of the helplessness of man whom God hath blessed and protected. It is a great and salutary lesson, and far beyond the power of my poor pen to express.

A sale of work was held in Paris the end of November, which brought in over \$270 to the treasury. It was planned by some of the lady workers in the summer, they agreeing to work for it during the vacation and to ask friends in different parts to do the same. The result was most encouraging, a goodly quantity of articles being sent in and all disposed of.

NEWARK AUXILIARY.

Our first coming together this autumn was essentially a memorial meeting to give expression to our appreciation of the worth of our dear associate, Miss S. A. Smith, who had lately been called home. We met in the lecture-room of the Second Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member. Several ladies bore testimony to her many excellencies, and the tribute which is here appended was read by the Secretary. Mlle Le Clère afterward made a most stirring address, making a special appeal for the French Sunday schools. At the close of her remarks one of the ladies present volunteered the support of a Sunday school for a year. The following tributes were read:

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Sarah A. Smith.

For the first time in the history of our Auxiliary death has entered the ranks of our workers. We come together to-day with saddened hearts, missing a valued officer and dear friend.

Miss Sarah A. Smith was from the formation of the Society here an interested contributor—for ten years a collector and for four years past one of our vice-presidents.

We shall miss her dignified presence and her wise counsels in our meetings and her valuable labors. She was one who fulfilled the injunction, "Be not weary in well-doing," continuing the wearisome work of collecting despite discouragements. She has exchanged service for song; but God's work goes on though the workers fall. May He send some one who will take up the work her hands have laid down.

Mrs. James P. Wilson.

Twelve years ago when the Newark Auxiliary was formed the leading spirit in the movement was Mrs. James P. Wilson, wife of the pastor of the South Park Presbyterian Church. Her wide experience in philanthropic and religious movements and her well-known abilities as a leader pointed her out as the proper person for President of the Auxiliary. Her cares and duties were many and arduous and she shrank from a new office; but when it seemed as if the enterprise would fail, she reluctantly consented to serve the society as its President. How nobly she served it all know who were associated with her. Her fervor, her wisdom, her prayers, her influence, were all given without stint. When bereavement came and ill-health followed she was obliged to relinquish her active duties—this amongst many others, but she never lost her interest. For several years past she was not able to meet with the society, but we do not forget her gracious and dignified presence, her fervent prayers and her words of wisdom. We honor her memory and mourn her loss, thanking God for her services to the society and for her bright example.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM
AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

FROM NOVEMBER 15, 1896, TO JANUARY 15, 1897.

MAINE, \$5.00.		NEW JERSEY, \$437.02.	
Portland Auxiliary	\$5 00	Bloomfield—First Presbyterian Church . .	\$69 52
MASSACHUSETTS, \$233.00.		Elizabeth Auxiliary	100 00
Amherst Auxiliary—Mrs. W. F. Stearns’ School	\$50 00	Morristown “	183 75
Boston Auxiliary	150 00	Newark “	78 75
Lowell—S. Robitsek	1 00	Warwick—Miss C. Pierson	5 00
Northbridge—First Congregational Ch. . .	7 00	PENNSYLVANIA, \$614.45.	
Pittsfield Auxiliary	25 00	Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary	\$109 27
CONNECTICUT, \$91.89.		Philadelphia Auxiliary	409 50
Norfolk Congregational Church	\$35 61	Seranton “	48 58
Norwich Auxiliary	6 25	Wilkes-Barre “	47 10
Norwich—Broadway Congregational Sun- day-School	25 00	MARYLAND, \$147.00.	
Wethersfield Congregational S. S.	25 00	Baltimore Auxiliary	\$147 00
NEW YORK, \$149.82.		DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$88.20.	
E. Rockaway, L. I.—Bethany Congrega- tional Church	\$3 32	Washington Auxiliary	\$88 20
Hamilton—Mrs. M. L. B. Rambaut	25 00	OHIO, \$220.00.	
New York Auxiliary	121 50	Cleveland Auxiliary	\$165 00
		Dayton “	50 00
		Wooster—Prof. H. G. Behotegny	5 00
		KENTUCKY, \$117.85.	
		Louisville Auxiliary	\$117 85
		MISSOURI, \$18.49.	
		Springfield—Woman’s Missionary Union .	\$18 49

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

MISSION HALLS IN PARIS AND SUBURBS.

MISSION HALLS IN PARIS.	ADULT MEETINGS.	
	SUNDAY.	WEEK-DAY.
23 Rue Royale (near the Madeleine),	4.30	{ Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 8.15
*104 Rue St. Antoine, Salle Rivoli,	4 and 8	Every evening, 8
8 Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle,	8	Every evening, 8
*56 Boulevard Barbès, Montmartre,	8.15	Tuesday, Friday, 8
*142 Rue du Faubourg-St.-Antoine,	8.15	Tuesday, 8.15
*39 Rue de Ménilmontant,	3 and 8	Tuesday, Friday, 8
231 Rue Championnet,	8	Tuesday, Friday, 8
*60 Rue Monge (Quartier Latin),	8	Tuesday, Friday, 8
* { 90 Rue d'Allemagne, La Villette,	8.15	Thursday, 8.15
{ 121 Rue de Meaux, La Villette,		Wednesday, 8
*117 Boulevard Voltaire,	8	Wednesday, Friday, 8
*19 Rue de l'Avre, Grenelle,	8.15	Thursday, 8.15
*17 Rue du Marché, Neuilly,	8	
* Rue Taine, Bercy,	8.15	Wednesday, 8.15
*157 Rue Nationale, Gare d'Ivry,	8	Thursday, 8
*16 Rue Augereau (Rue St. Dominique),	8	Tuesday, 8
*62 Rue de Javel,	8	Wednesday, 8
* Avenue Saint Ouen and Rue Championnet,		
33 Rue Mouton Duvernet,		Friday, 8.15

MISSION HALLS OUTSIDE OF PARIS.

*Puteaux, 8 Rue Godefroy,		Wednesday, 8
*Montreuil-s-Bois, 175 Rue de Paris,	8.15	Thursday, 8.15
*Pantin, 44 Route de Flandre,	8	Thursday, 8
Boulogne-sur-Seine, 5 Rue Mollien,		Tuesday, 8
*Nanterre, 8 Rue Saint-Denis,		Tuesday, 8
*Ste-Gemme,	Afternoon	Saturday, 8
*Saint Germain-en-Laye, 16 Rue de l'Aigle d'Or,		Wednesday 8
*Alfortville, 12 Rue Veron,		Thursday, 8
*Lagny-sur-Marne,	8	

MEETINGS ARE ALSO HELD IN THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

Sèvres,	Friday, 8
Pontoise, 31 Rue Basse,	Wednesday, 8
Pré-St. Gervais	Wednesday, 8

Sunday and Week-day Schools and Children's Meetings are held in the Halls marked thus*. Mothers' Meetings, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Meetings, Bible Classes, etc., are held in many Halls.

In all, about 150 meetings of all kinds are held weekly in Paris and the Environs. Weekly Prayer Meeting, 23 Rue Royale, Friday, at 5 o'clock.

At this meeting full particulars of the Schools, Dispensaries and

Religious Services may be obtained, or at the office of the Mission, 36 Rue Godet de Mauroy.

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